

JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR PAIN
Acute Torture Cured.
7 DOCTORS. 1 BOTTLE.
"The New York Medical Journal" says: "Mrs. R. A. Kellogg, 60 East 4th street, for seven days in convulsions, she employed the best medical skill, but her case defied their best endeavor. The physician after another was engaged and discharged, until seven different doctors had tried to cure or help her, she was finally cured by four weeks of a healthful life, but her case was a great one, and could not be cured. Her body was in a paralytic condition."
ITS CURE HAS WITHOUT DELAY, WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

We learn from one of our hard-ware merchants that arrangements are made so farmers can use wire instead of twine if the price of the latter goes too high. This firm says the reason of any rise in price is on account of the scarcity of twine, and that late in the season there will be none on the market at all.

HILDEBRAND-McGRATH.
One of the Most Enjoyable Events of Benton City Society.

THE marriage of Mr. Joseph Hildebrand and Miss Mamie McGrath took place at the home of the bride at Benton City, on the evening of the 24th instant. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large company by Rev. Father Dempsey, of this city. Mr. Audie Tratchel and Miss Anna McGrath were the attendants.

Immediately after the ceremony, a magnificent supper was served to the large number of guests, after which an invitation to the affair on the following night was extended to all those present.

The bride is one of the most beautiful and amiable young ladies of Audrain county, while the groom is a young man of sterling qualities. Following is a list of the presents:

James Orr, bowl and pitcher.
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hildebrand, fine hanging lamp.
Mrs. Neely, beautiful decorated preserve stand.
Tom F. Roden, elegant cut glass berry set.
Miss Sadie Neely, sauce dishes.
Miss Mary Hildebrand, butter dish.
Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Jones, elegant silver pickle cator.
Patrick and Miss Sallie Roden, beautiful silver pickle cator.
Father of the groom, very fine carpet.
Miss Nannie Tratchel, pair linen towels.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hirschman, elegant decorated china tea set.
Mrs. Fred Precht, large wash bowl and pitcher.
Mrs. Hildebrand, large preserve stand.
Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Jones, elegant lamp.
Mrs. Ida Hildebrand, large glass pitcher.
Miss Lou Kellerhals, cream pitcher.
Miss Nellie Nolan, pair large silver vases.
Miss Dottie Tratchel, very handsome water pitcher.
Miss John Kellerhals, pair linen towels.
Miss Annie McGrath, set napkins.
Miss Nettie Tratchel, chair tidy.
J. J. Hurley, beautiful water set.
Dr. John Halley, large linen table cloth.
Miss Lou Kellerhals, chair tidy.
Mrs. C. Chambers, set silver knives and forks.
Miss Carrie Tratchel, set of lovely napkins.
Mrs. John Hurley, berry bowl.
Mother of groom, fine counterpane.
Mrs. Wm. Wald, pair fine towels.
Miss Belle Hildebrand, pickle dish.
J. A. Lanig, set cup and saucers.
Walter Tratchel, 100 pounds extra flour.
James Cohoon, large double wash board.
Mrs. J. A. Lanig, set large goblets.

Home From Oklahoma.
B. F. Wyld, the well known Benton City nurseryman, was in town Friday morning on his way home from Oklahoma. Mr. Wyld's buds were red with sticky Oklahoma mud and he otherwise presented the appearance of a very tired and disgusted boomer. He went to the Promised Land and succeeded in getting a claim as good as the ragged country afforded. Though he was lucky even in this, Mr. Wyld soon became discouraged and a few days since dropped his claim and started home. He is now satisfied that no country under the sun beats Audrain, and he will remain here.

Farmers Oppose It.
The Missouri House passed the beef inspection bill Tuesday afternoon by a vote of 76 to 45. It will without doubt be defeated in the Senate, as the farmers throughout the State, especially where any interest at all has been taken in the measure, are protesting loudly against the scheme which was gotten up in the interest of the city butchers. As it would prove a great detriment to the stock feeders and farmers, the State Senate will surely be able to defeat this obnoxious bill that has been lobbied through the House by the butchers.

Mr. Reser, south of Vandalia, shot a dog of his neighbor, Mr. French. Mr. French returned the compliment by shooting Mr. Reser with a shot gun. At his preliminary examination Saturday, Mr. French was held in the sum of \$300 to await the action of the grand jury.

The County Wheel meets in this city on the second Saturday in May.

"I WANT A CLAIM."

Men Go Crazy With Disappointment—Sad Scenes in Oklahoma City.

OKLAHOMA CITY, I. T., April 26.—Five men in their coffins and a man in iron were carried north from this infant City yesterday. The dead men died natural deaths, that is to say, nature had given way under the hardships encountered, and none of the five deaths were directly at the hands of fellow-men. The madman, John Evans, left his family in Eldorado, Kan., a few days ago and was apparently in the best of health. He came to Oklahoma City on the first train Monday, found the city in possession of United States Deputy Marshals and bushmen and was unable to realize his expectations. A claim which he finally secured was jumped by a professional and a revolver flourished in his face when he remonstrated. Evans had little money and his subsequent trial robbed him of his reason. As he lay on the platform yesterday waiting for the train he talked incoherently of claims and town lots and implored those near him not to rob him of his little piece of ground. The sight was a pitiful one. Evans was taken to Winfield and placed in a hospital for the insane. Another man went crazy the previous night and was placed on a north-bound train. At Alfred he broke away and tried to assault Lieut. Waite of the Infantry Company stationed there, but was overpowered. "I want a claim, I want a claim!" was his incessant cry. He was put aboard the train again and will be treated in the Winfield Hospital.

A Kansas man named Stevens was shot and killed in the presence of his wife and four little children on a claim near Alfred Wednesday. The murderers fled and the unfortunate widow walked to Alfred with the news. The dead man was buried by the settlers and a small subscription was raised to send the family home. The rude funeral was in progress as the train passed.

Inspection in Michigan.
That exceedingly able paper, the Lansing Journal, has this to say of the meat inspection bill now before the legislature in a late issue: "We cannot believe that this legislature will pass the demagogical and pernicious meat inspection bill. It is a measure without merit, and not a single honest reason can be adduced to justify its enactment." In which the case is stated exactly. The bill is a measure to enable a few dealers in the towns of the State to levy any tax they may choose to agree on among themselves on the great army of consumers of meat. Legislation to increase the cost of living is hardly in line with the interests of the great bulk of the people of Michigan.

A Good Show Coming.
In these days of tinsel and parade when, as so too frequently the case, the main attraction of a show is on paper and in the procession on the street, it is gratifying to have an entertainment visit us with a reputation so general for merit and excellence as that of Wallace & Co's Great World's Menagerie and International Three-ring Circus. It has the enviable record of presenting a multitude of the best acts and features ever exhibited under canvas, and of exhibiting a large collection of the rarest animals and birds known to natural history. This exhibition will be in Mexico, Mo., Wednesday, May 15th.

Reuben Harlow, a prominent farmer and stock raiser of near Young's Creek, made us a pleasant call this week. He has as fine a farm as there is in the county but is thinking of moving to Mexico, as he thinks this is one of the best towns in the State. Reuben is much exercised about Talmage's sermon on Jonah and the Whale. Rube thinks that Jonah was drunk when the whale swallowed him and had plenty of tobacco and whiskey in his pocket, and when he got to drinking, chewing and spitting, the whale got sick and threw him up. This theory, we think, is original with Mr. Harlow.

Harrison and Missouri.
From the Kansas City Times.
The fruits of President Harrison's generous and considerate treatment of Missouri are beginning to be manifest. So encouraged is the State by the attention of the national administration that her two leading ball clubs, representing Kansas City and St. Louis, are engaged in wiping up the earth with Louisville and Cincinnati, and are now tied for the pennant. We are under renewed obligations to the administration.

Bill Briggs, the most noted gambler on the coast, died Wednesday. He was known from Washington to the coast as a square gambler who had made several fortunes and given thousands away in charity. He was born in Hannibal, Mo.

Joseph Barth has returned from the East, where he has been for several days buying goods.

DUDLEY'S DANDER UP.

Harrison is Called Coward by "Blocks of Five" Dudley.

ASHINGTON, D. C., April 26.—Col. W. W. Dudley, of "Blocks of Five" fame, recently said in a letter in reply to an old soldier who had asked him aid in getting an appointment: "I will be unable to render you any assistance whatever with the President. He has lost his backbone and is too cowardly to be seen consulting with me for the simple reason that the copperheads and rebels of Indiana have trumped up a lot of charges against me. He seems entirely oblivious to the fact that it was through my efforts that Indiana was saved to him."

Col. Dudley's letter is the talk of Washington to-day. Dudley makes a lame denial of the authorship of the letter, but everybody believes that he wrote it because he has on many occasions since the 4th of March talked in just that strain to his friends. It is believed that Dudley's fight on Harrison is only the beginning of an open warfare between Harrison and a half score of leading Republicans.

Cupid's Trans-Atlantic Trick.
A. G. Smith, a young man of 28 years, who is the agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway at Hoisington, Kan., was in the city last evening on his way to New York, on a most romantic mission, says this morning's Globe-Democrat.

The story is one of romantic friendship and peculiar love. It was about three years ago that Mr. Smith, through the courtesies of a friend, began a correspondence with a young lady by the name of Miss Nellie Turner, who resided with her parents in a small town near London, England. The friendly missives soon changed to tender notes; photographs, with descriptions as minute as any given by a detective agency, were exchanged, and the heart of each correspondent was soon warmed by that immortal fire which is given by Allah and shared with the angels. An engagement was effected, and, as per written contract, Mr. Smith was on his last night to New York to meet Miss Turner, who was due there on a steamer in a few days. They will be united in matrimony in New York, and then visit Mr. Smith's old home in Canada, and, after a trip through several States, will settle down to practical housekeeping in Kansas. Miss Turner is described as a young woman, 26 years of age, a brunette of many charms; who was one of the popular belles of her native England village.

A Valuable Invention.
Inventions are so numerous that it is seldom we are able to commend a kitchen utensil publicly. But we feel that anything which tends to make cooking more easy and agreeable is a sanitary gain. Many are the attempts which have been made to find a utensil which would economize labor, time and food. At last we have offered in our midst a perfected cooker that meets the demands of every housekeeper, and excels all others for simplicity and ease of management. The Peerless Steam Cooker is a positive blessing to every home. Ladies in the city who have used it pronounce it a complete success. Its superiority to the old mode of cooking is in the fact that it retains all nutriment, richness and flavor of food which by other methods are wasted. All care of watching meals while cooking is done away with. Dinner can be put in, covered up and let alone till ready to serve. All possibility of spoiling a meal through carelessness of cooks is obviated. No steam of the house, no offensive odors, no burned victuals. As much cooking can be done on one burner of a gasoline or oil stove as is usually done on four. It will pay for itself in a few weeks time in the saving of fuel. The self-regulating steam whistle is one of the whistles worth paying for. Let all intelligent and careful housekeepers give the cooker a trial.

R. W. Pearson is back from Stuttgart, Ark. He gives quite a glowing description of that country. Says it is a prairie country, just like this, but the soil is not as good. He contracted for a tract of land while there.—Ladonia Herald.

Champ Clark's electoral reform bill came up in the House Thursday was debated from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. and failed to pass, the vote being 67 yeas to 57 noes. Champ Clark advocated the measure, and its strongest opponents were Jim Moore of Laclede and Flanagan of Jasper.

Major Anderson, aged 88, died very suddenly at McCredie Friday. Deceased had been enjoying unusually good health for some time, and when he died had been ill but ten minutes. Rheumatism of the heart is assigned as the trouble. Major Anderson was one of Callaway's pioneers.

The pond at the Tucker mill has been drained and water from the Water-works put in.

JUSTICE AND PASTOR.

From the Christian Apologist, as Quoted From a Reformed Church Paper.

Hickorytown was a hard place for a preacher. The chief source of this hardship for the pastor was found in Justice Smartt. Two chapters in the Bible were particularly pleasing to the Justice, namely: the 10th of Matthew and the 10th of Luke. In the presence of the pastor he never tired in commenting on certain passages in these two chapters. He boasted that no minister had ever answered his argument. He generally closed as follows: "Preachers who live on a salary I despise; let them work as Paul did, and make a living on their honest people do."

About ten years ago it was proposed to build a parsonage in Hickorytown. The members of the church and congregation were all willing, except Justice Smartt, who proceeded to address the people assembled on his hobby or favorite theme. Said he: "I would like to know if St. Peter, or any of the holy Apostles ever had a parsonage. I am not opposed to preachers, my dear friends; on the contrary, I esteem and love them. Where do you find that the Apostles wore fine broadcloth coats, and lived in parsonages? They had nothing of the kind. The Lord said to them: 'Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staffs. And when ye come into a house salute it, saying: Peace be to this house! And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give.'"

"Now, I ask, where do you find the parsonage? I challenge anyone to show me anything in the Bible in regard to a parsonage, or to prove that the preachers of the present day are any better than the Apostles. If the Apostles had no parsonage, then our preachers need none."

This speech convinced the brethren, and the parsonage was not built. Now, for twenty years many preachers had been sent to Hickorytown, all of whom found very poor accommodations for themselves and their families; for Justice Smartt continued his convincing arguments in church circles, and in saloons as well. None of these pastors could, or even desired to prove that he was better than the Apostles; and hence no parsonage was provided.

But "the pitcher that is often let down to the well, will be broken at last." And so it was with Justice Smartt. A new pastor came to Hickorytown. His name was Solomon, and he was an intelligent, unassuming man, about whom there was nothing uncommon or noteworthy, except his poverty. He had a wife and three children; but, owing to the agency and influence of Justice Smartt, there was no parsonage to receive them, and they were obliged to go into a cheap, unhealthy tenement house. The rent was cheap for several reasons. First, on one side of the house was the playground of the village children. On the other side was a pond of foul, stagnant water. Besides, the house had the reputation of being "haunted."

In this house lived Pastor Solomon and his family; but soon they were all sick of fever. The pastor, therefore, appealed to his congregation, and urged them several times to erect a parsonage; but in every instance he was confronted with the argument of Justice Smartt.

Finally, he met the Justice himself on the street, and by him he was accosted thus: "You, also, ask for a parsonage. Did the Apostle Peter, or any other Apostle, ever have one? Have you never read the 10th chapter of Matthew? Do you consider yourself better than the Apostles?"

The pastor said that he did not believe the ministers of the present time are better than the Apostles; that there was much truth in the argument of the Justice, that he had seen new light; that he would take the matter under consideration, and then give his opinion.

The brethren, when they heard of this, were all satisfied; and Justice Smartt was especially happy in feeling that he had convinced the pastor of the correctness of his views.

But "who laughs last, laughs best." A few days later, when Justice Smartt had hardly finished his morning smoke, he heard a loud knocking at the door. As he opened the door, he saw Pastor Solomon, his wife and children, all on the veranda, and before he could greet him with the usual "Good-morning," the pastor lifted up his right hand and said, "Peace be unto this house!" and, without waiting for an invitation, he and his family entered the house.

Although Justice Smartt was somewhat surprised at the manner

and bearing of the minister, still he thought of nothing more than an ordinary pastoral visit, the unusual number to the contrary notwithstanding. The preacher and his family, it seemed, had come to "spend the day." The morning was passed in pleasant conversation, and the children "enjoyed themselves" greatly in the orchard. After dinner, the preacher asked to be excused, saying that he had to make some pastoral calls, but would be back for tea. After supper, the minister and his family still remained, and made no preparations for going home. Finally, the Justice saw that they intended to "spend the night" with him, as well as the day. So it was; and a pleasant night it proved to the family, for they slept in a good house and on clean beds.

The next morning, after breakfast and prayers, the Pastor asked the Justice for a quiet room—a Prophet's room—where he could read, and pray, and study the holy Word. Said he: "I have no library, but I do not need any—the Apostles had none. What you told me the other day on the street I now understand fully. We are not better than the Apostles and, therefore, I do not ask a better, or different lot from theirs."

When he had said this, he left the room gracefully. Justice Smartt did not understand what this meant, or whereunto it would grow. So passed two—three—four—five days; and "still the wonder grew." During this time the Justice and his wife frequently talked the matter over, and wondered what it meant. After these consultations, the Justice might have been seen walking thoughtfully back and forth; and finally he determined to ask the Pastor what all this meant, and how long he intended to stay. Accordingly, with much ado and hesitation, he approached the minister with this important question. Pastor Solomon answered, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had concluded to remain under the friendly and hospitable roof of Justice Smartt so long as his pastorate should last in Hickorytown—as the Lord commanded the Apostles in the two famous chapters with which the Justice was so well acquainted.

"What!" said the Justice; "have you concluded to give up the parsonage?" referring to the sickly tenement house. "Yes, certainly; I have given that up, and never intend to go back; because it is my positive intention to live as the Apostles did, and they had, as you know, no parsonage."

The Justice was amazed, and asked if his salary was not enough to keep him, without his quartering himself and family on other people. "Salary!" said the preacher; "don't you know the Apostles had no salary? I have given up my salary, and to-morrow I will inform the congregation of the fact. I am not better than the Apostles."

"Eh! well, yes," said Justice Smartt; "to be sure, that is according to the Bible. I will go and see my neighbors, that each of them may keep you a week."

"That I dare not do," said the preacher; "much as I would like to please you; for my instruction is, 'Into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy; and there abide till ye go thence.' And Luke says, 'In the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give. Go not from house to house.' I give you to relate to you, and go from house to house, that the burden might be borne equally; but the Scripture is plain and cannot be misunderstood. I must abide in your house till I leave Hickorytown."

Now for the first time Justice Smartt saw what lesson it was that the preacher intended to teach him, and that lesson he was no longer slow to learn. It was not hard to convince him that a pastor is not an Incorruptible. The next day the church had a meeting for business, and on the motion of Justice Smartt, it was resolved, unanimously, to build a parsonage.

Straps of Fig.
Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken and the most effective remedy known to relieve constipation, biliousness, colds, and fevers; to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by C. R. Gibbs. d&w

William Carter, of near Williamsburg, Callaway county, son of Robert Carter and a nephew of Alex. Carter, Sr., committed suicide Tuesday. He committed the deed with a double-barrel shot-gun, seating himself on the side of a bed and pulling the trigger with a shoe string. No cause can be assigned for the rash deed, as the young man was not addicted to bad habits, was succeeding well in life and had many friends. Mr. Carter was born and raised northeast of Mexico and has numerous relatives in Audrain county.

No Time Like the Present.
Taken when constipation is first noticed, one or two Hauling Figs will put the bowels in healthy condition, and will prevent the development of serious trouble. 25 cents. Dose, one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y. For sale by C. A. Buckner.

Horse Greasy's Adage.
It was maintained by the late Horace Greeley, that "nothing succeeds like success!" If this be true, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will always be popular, as it never fails. It is intended, especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is undoubtedly the best and most reliable medicine in use for these diseases. It is decidedly a success. For sale by C. R. Gibbs.

W. A. Hunter, east of this city, a prominent farmer, will move to Mexico. The LEDGER is glad to welcome such citizens.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated phosphates. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y. 42-481

A \$10.000 TWIS.

Louis Naylor Pays Dearly for Spraining a Young Lady's Wrist.

Mabel Quick, of Kansas City, a young dry goods saleslady, was the plaintiff in a suit before Judge Henry against her former employer, Louis Naylor, a Grand avenue dry goods man, for \$10,000 damages.

Miss Quick told on the witness stand how in November, 1887, Naylor assaulted her. She had quit the store and had been given a check for her wages, which she could not collect. She went back to Naylor's, and throwing the worthless check in his face, demanded cash. This was refused, and as she was leaving the store she picked up a cloak, which she said would satisfy the debt. Naylor called her back, saying that he would give her the money, and then it was, Miss Quick said, that he struck her in the face and twisted her wrist. She fell in a faint and knew nothing until she was being taken home in a carriage.

Police Officer Joseph M. Sherlock, who arrested Naylor, testified that he had a hard time to keep him from a mob which had collected and was yelling "Get a rope, get a rope." Dr. Fred Jones, who attended the girl, and others testified. The jury soon returned a verdict for the full amount asked.

The Judge refused to grant a motion setting aside the verdict.

Electric Bitters.
This remedy is becoming well known, and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—Price 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle at J. F. Llewellyn's Drug-store.

The German Church.
A number of the leading German residents of Mexico met at the Grand Opera House Wednesday and discussed the feasibility of establishing a German Church in this city. As the meeting was called late in the afternoon the attendance was not as large as was desired and no active steps were taken. Rev. John Martuska, of St. Charles County, delivered an interesting address of an hour, in German, when the meeting adjourned to May 19, when everyone interested in the project is expected to be present.

Is Consumption Incurable?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."—J. F. Llewellyn, Druggist, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at J. F. Llewellyn's Drugstore.

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CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK.

Col. Joseph Rickey's Interesting Chat With the Great Ex-President.

From the Fulton Gazette.
On Monday Col. Jos. K. Rickey returned from the East, where he has been most of the time since the last election. As Mr. Rickey's acquaintance with noted men in politics is quite extensive, a Gazette scribe sought him out to see if anything else could be learned that would be of interest to its readers. In response to the question whether he had seen any of the national Democratic leaders lately, Mr. Rickey said: "Well, yes, I recently had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Cleveland in New York City. I got on the elevated railroad car at Rector street, and found myself in the seat with the great Democratic ex-president."

How was he looking?
I never saw him look as well; he seemed to be in splendid health and his face never looked more bright and cheerful. He still takes a lively interest in all public affairs. When I enquired how he was pleased with the change from the White House to private life, his response was: "I am enjoying my residence in New York and feel better than I have for four years past."

What else did you talk about?
Well, naturally our conversation drifted to public affairs, and he asked about the condition of the agricultural portions of Missouri. I told him I thought it was as bad as it had ever been in the history of the State; that the farmer was not getting as much for his products as they cost, in scarcely any branch of farming industry; and that in my opinion the majority of the farmers of the country are mortgaged and the farmers are now living off what they had accumulated in the few prosperous years they had been permitted to enjoy.

Mr. Cleveland said this in accord with his information and belief; and then asked: "What do you think will be the result? What will become of the country? What will be done?"

I answered that the natural sequence is that we must get an outlet for our markets with the different countries of the world, or come to a square standstill."

He then asked: "How can an outlet be secured, do you suppose, under our present system of restrictive laws?"

I said: "It can't be done." His next question was: "How do you account for the fact that the great agricultural sections voted so strongly for the protective treaty?"

I told him I supposed it was owing to want of education on the subject among the farmers of the great Northwestern States such as Kansas, Illinois and Nebraska. Also that the soldier element that has been pensioned were told that the Democratic party wanted to reduce the tariff, not so much for the purpose of lowering taxation as to drain the surplus from the treasury in order to make difficult the payment of their pensions; and that the attempt to lower the tariff was a blow at the Union element. It was very hard to make the average mind understand what a 6 per cent reduction is. And when the tax is indirect, it is hard to make the man believe that he pays it at all. The Republican orators say, 'Don't you buy cheaper than it cost before?' and the average mind swallows that, never considering the material that is in the article—that it is shoddy—or that methods of production are cheaper than formerly."

Mr. Cleveland said, "But we gained votes in the protection districts; what do you say to that?"

I said: "They are intelligent on this question and know that they need free raw material to compete in the markets of the world. The outcome of it all will be that after while the people will realize that they have been plundered unnecessarily of five or six hundred millions a year, and they will rise up and wipe out the whole system."

Mr. Cleveland said nothing but nodded his head, and then asked about Senator Vest's prospects for re-election. He said: "I regard him as one of the ablest men in the Senate, and I hope the people of Missouri will return him." He also spoke of Senator Cockrell, and said: "Missouri should be proud of two such able and painstaking Senators."

He next said, "How is my young friend Francis in the gubernatorial office?" I told him that Gov. Francis was an able and faithful officer and was giving satisfaction to all.

"Well, I can't understand," said Mr. Cleveland, "why he ran behind his ticket."

I answered that it was the result of reasons: first, when Francis was chosen Mayor, his opponents raised some question as to his election, and asked for a recount, but the courts refused it; second, Francis refused to turn over the city to the street rings, and they threw their powerful influence against him; and third, just at the close of

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World's Dispensary Medical Association.
605 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

his administration, the Supreme Court decided that the Sunday law applied to St. Louis, and Francis enforced it, as was his duty, and so turned the worst elements in St. Louis against him. And then, to cap the climax to all this, old Hutch made his wheat corner about this time, and the opponents of Francis cartooned him as a mere speculator in agricultural products whose interests were all against those of the producing and consuming class.

Mr. Cleveland expressed regret at Clardy's defeat, and said he regarded him as one of the most efficient men in the House. He also said he was sorry for Mr. O'Neill's defeat.

He then asked what was thought in Missouri of the appointment of Phillips to the district Bench, and said he was well satisfied with it as any he had made while in office.

As we parted, Mr. Cleveland expressed his belief that the doctrines of Democracy are as certain to succeed as the government exists.

The Coming Meeting.
Among the scores of entries for the stake races at the coming meeting are the following from this vicinity:

Frank T., r. g., by Boston, 4am untraced; entered by Dr. Thos. Turner, Mexico; W. R. Carter, driver.

Lula P., b. m., by Aaron Pennington, dam Callaway; J. H. Howard, M. D., Fulton.

Dictator G., b. b; W. H. Gibbs, Bowling Green.

Freeland G., c. h; W. H. Glenn, Bowling Green.

Mattie McC., c. m; McCormick Live Stock Co., Bowling Green.

Missing Link, b. c; McCormick Live Stock Co., Bowling Green.

Tom Parly, b. c; J. C. Downing, Bowling Green.